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Letter from Mary Rosa, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to her mother, 1913 February 11

Mary Rosa

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College Hall,
11 February, 1913.

Dear Mother:

It's so hard to study when one doesn't feel like it! I've tried all the evening to do Old English, and finally just had to stop. Everything seems so discouraging lately, - I suppose it's just the reaction from our grand good time during 'Midyears'. There is a general atmosphere of gloom around here, as the flunk notes came out this afternoon. I suppose I ought to be thankful I didn't get any, as some people did; but my own troubles seem so big that I can't see

beyond them.

It has been snowing all day and consequently has been dark; and consequently took all the curl out of my hair which I so carefully put in. and going out of College Hall I slipped and fell a ways down those steps toward the lake, bumping my knee and tearing my stocking (you'll see the hole when the laundry comes home). And I was so tired and sleepy that Philosophy 6 (a brand new course) seemed stupid, and in Music class I said the wrong key once. But those aren't my troubles. They're just things I notice because I feel blue. which arises from the following:

I've applied for permission to

change divisions in Philosophy,
and Miss Cook does it seem to
think there is much hope for me.
And I'm having trouble about
going to that Ypage recital next
Friday because Saturday is a
holiday, and you see I'd be
cutting my last class. Mr.
Macdonnell is willing to excuse
me, but has no power to do so,
and the Academic Council can't
give permissions of that sort except
to Seniors. So if I cut I'll have
to take the consequences, which
might be a condition. What hurts
me most is that Miss Tufts was
so unsympathetic when I asked
her about it. She said, "And I don't
suppose he plays any better than
you do"! Mr. M. was real nice

and thinks the rule as silly as I do, but I'm afraid he can't do anything. I guess I'll have to give it up, but it's such a disappointment, because Papa probably won't come to Boston again for years (his last time was 5 yrs. ago). I wept all the afternoon over that.

Your nice long letter cheered me up somewhat. I'm sorry you're having such trouble to keep warm; I guess the severe weather hasn't reached us yet. Mr. Cowles certainly is the limit. I'm only ~~aston~~ thankful he didn't mention my name. But I fear Papa will be recognized.

Why don't those water commission investigations ever come any further east than

Albany? I'm sure there are
some plants worth seeing out
this way.

Yes, I suggested plain paper
for the sitting room. I think
a light brown might harmonize
best with the woodwork, but
you look in some of those
Country Life's at pictures of
interiors and see what I mean.

I'll ask Miss Blissard
about the hair stuff, but she
doesn't do it herself, so she
may not know. She takes it
to a place in town.

The fruit is pretty well gone
but there are quite a few
apples yet. I'll let you know

when we need more.

That Triscuit was the most wonderful investment ever made. We got some butter, and with the toaster to warm it, had four or five breakfasts out of it last week, and a couple of midnight lunches.

I'm so afraid someone will come in and keep me up that I'm going to hustle off to bed.

With heaps of love,
Mary.